

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

CHAS. T. CHAMPION,
WHOLESALE
BOOKS, STATIONERY AND HOLIDAY GOODS
I carry the largest stock of above in the state and am prepared to fill orders promptly with the newest and best selling goods at EASTERN PRICES.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.
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GLOBE IRON WORKS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Steam Engines, Boilers and Pumps, and Dealers in Brass Goods, Rubber and Hemp Packing, Steam Fittings, Etc. Repairing of all kinds of Machinery a Specialty. Orders promptly filled for all kinds of Sheet Iron Work. All kinds of castings made.
A. FLAGG, Proprietor. - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
IRON FENCING,
Architectural, Wrought and Cast Iron Work for Buildings.
Factory: South Washington Avenue, Wichita, Kansas.

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Artists' Materials, Pictures, Mountings and Frames Wholesale and Retail. Catalogue free.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED.
F. P. MARTIN, 114 Market St.
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WHOLESALE DEALER IN
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Sheet music and books. All kinds of musical goods. Brass band and orchestra music. 122 Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.

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HARDWARE
Special attention to mail orders.
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STALLING'S PALMOLIO TOILET SOAP
Recommends the complete and keeps the skin soft, smooth and healthy. For sale by druggists and grocers.
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THE CRYSTAL ICE COMPANY
Now ready to supply all wishing their Pure Distilled Water, at special prices. Office and Factory at 4th and Pearl streets. West Side. Order books at W. W. Pearce 4th and Douglas Ave. and DeWitt Hotel 3rd and Main.
Telephone No. 342. - - - - - J. A. SOHN
City of

L. M. COX,
Manufacturing Confectioner
And Jobber in Figs, Dates, Cigars, Foreign and Domestic Nuts, Cider, Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Candy Jars, Trays, Etc.
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THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.
(Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.)
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices.
233 and 235 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

BAKER, RAFFERTY & CO.,
COR. MARKET AND FIRST STS., WICHITA, KAN.
Manufacturers, wholesale, transfer and forwarding agents, and dealers in carriages, wagons, farm implements, wind mills, saws, engines and threshing machinery. We have on hand a full line of the following manufacturers' goods that we can ship at quick notice:
Sundbaker Bros. Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.; Enterprise Carriage Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Hoover & Gable, Mansfield, Ohio; Eastern Harrold Co., Whitewater, Wis.; Fairbank, Moore & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Walter Plow Co., Bloomington, Ill.; Pekin Plow Co., Pekin, Ill.; Avery Plow Co., Peoria, Ill.; Jno. Budds Hay Rack Co., Dayton, Ohio; Erick Engine Co., Waynesboro, Pa.; J. Massillon Thrasher Co., Massillon, Ohio; Krugelsdorf & Douglas Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Huber Engine Co., Marion, Ohio.

LARGEST SOAP WORKS IN THE WEST, ESTABLISHED 1887.
The Wichita Soap Manufacturing Company.
LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAP.
A full line of Laundry Soaps, including the famous "Magne" brand. Correspondence solicited and delivered price lists sent on application.
505 and 607 SOUTH FIFTH AVENUE, - - - - - WICHITA, KANSAS

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO.
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF
Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottonized Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests; Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overshirts; Canton Flannel Undershirts, Drawers, Etc.
Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited

Men Should Wear Corsets.
It may sound awful to say so, but do you know I think that men ought to wear corsets? Not steel, stiff whalebone and strong lacing and all that, but something to remind them that nature intended them to stand straight, and that they should lay claim to a suggestion of a waistline. When a man gets to be 30 or a little more he goes all to pieces in his back, unless he is made of uncommon metal. At 30 a man is married or gives up the idea. Whatever his condition, his main object in life is to take comfort. He takes comfort.

In a year or two his shoulders, that were firm and square, take on a pathetic droop. The coat that was buttoned up with so much pride and showed off the symmetrical back and waist in such fine lines is apt to swing open, the smooth front becomes a wrinkled nonentity, and that waist line, that was so symmetrical, is lost in what is called a "stomach." I know some men take great pride in that comfortable looking stomach. It does show that life is worth the living, but it also proves that a man is getting on in years, and each year adds several inches

to the waist measure, and—and it isn't graceful if it is comfortable.
Now, a corset or band, say eight or ten inches wide, made with heavy cords stitched in solidly to give firmness, in the front several pieces of silk elastic tape and the back provided with buckles and straps, would not be uncomfortable to wear and would be a support for the stomach that cannot stand too much comfort without a sacrifice of symmetry and grace.—Chicago Herald.

They're Lost Millions.
A thief undiscovered belongs as much to the outfit of a phenomenally famous singer as her indispensable rouge pot. The lack of a perfect shape does not signify, but the lack of a thief would ruin. Adelina Patti has been robbed by night and by day, in Europe and America, on shore and at sea, in hotels and on railway trains. Carlotta Patti and Christine Nilsson and—but why mention names.
An incredible amount of diamonds and jewels have disappeared in this way without ever turning up again. But the lady artists are forgiving. They do not

Cigar Headquarters, Cor. Main and First Streets.
W. T. BISHOP & SONS,
WICHITA, KANSAS.
Send Us a Trial Order or Call and See Us.

FINLAY ROSS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC
The Largest Establishment in the State.
Nos. 119 and 121 Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

GETTO-McCLUNG BOOT AND SHOE CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES.
All goods of our own manufacture warranted. Orders by mail promptly and carefully filled.
135 and 137 N Market Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.
WHOLESALE
Dry Goods, Notions and Furnishing Goods.
Complete Stock in all the Departments.
119, 121 & 123 N Topeka Ave. - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

CORNER & FARNUM.
ROYAL SPICE MILLS, SPRAY YEAST.
A new process dry compressed yeast cake. Quick, strong and sweet. Always in the house ready for use, and will keep a year. Price 5c a package. Factory cor. Kellogg & Mosley Aves. 112 and 114 S Emporia Ave.

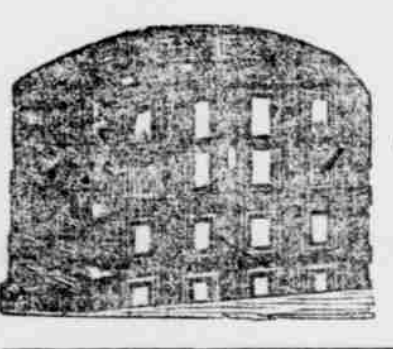
McCOMB BROS.
Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SADDLES & SADDLERY HARDWARE.
Correspondence Solicited.
121 E Douglas Ave, Wichita, Kan

BURR FURNITURE CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
FURNITURE
125 East Douglas Ave.

SHAFFER & MAHANEY
Wholesale and Retail
Building Materials.
Telephone 164. 12th St. and 4th Ave., Wichita, Kan.

E. VAIL & CO.,
WHOLESALE
WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
106 E Douglas Ave., - - - - - Wichita.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 215 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET.
Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocers fixtures. Sole agents for the state for "Grand" and "Royal" cigars, also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands.



Wichita Trunk Factory
H. HOSSFELD, Proprietor.
Manufacturer Of Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Shawl and Trunk Straps, Pocket Books, Willow Ware, Etc.
125 W Douglas.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
205 and 205 N. WATER STREET.
Are now ready for business. Keep a Full Line of Staple and Fancy Groceries Woodenware and Notions.

car fitted with double windows can be heated in winter is also a consideration. They not only prevent cold air leaking in where it is not wanted, but they also interpose a layer of comparatively still air between the warm air in the car and the cold atmosphere outside, thereby preventing the loss of considerable heat by conduction and convection.—New Orleans Picayune.

Double Sashes for Railway Cars.
In consequence of the decided addition to the comfort of travelers of double sashes in passenger cars by reason of the prevention of the admission of cold air in winter and dust in summer several railway companies have decided to use double windows altogether in the future, and this conclusion has probably been hastened by the fact that many of their best day coaches and chair cars rival special cars in the richness of their plushes and interior decorations, and they cannot afford to have such fittings rapidly destroyed by the dust.

The floating island in Sadawga lake, in the town of Whitingham, Vt., is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature and one of the greatest curiosities in the world. The island contains over a hundred acres, and it actually floats upon the water.

Francis Wilson's Success.
To what do I attribute my success in burlesque opera? Well, I imagine that it is principally due to the manner in which I work. I like the stage and love to act. From the moment I appear I enter with zest into the fun of the performance, and the humor is all from the heart. And what comes from the heart is always convincing.—Francis Wilson in Kate Field's Washington.

IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

BILL NYE TELLS ABOUT NEW YORK'S GREAT ARCHITECTURAL FAUX PAS.

He Has a Talk and Takes Luncheon with Collector Erhardt, Learns Some Things About Government and Civil Service, and Studies a Trained Chair.

[Copyright, 1890, by Edgar W. Nye.]
It is reported that when Juan De Verazzano in 1524 discovered the Bay of New York, and had been looked over from a therapeutic standpoint by Dr. Smith at quarantine, he proceeded almost at once to select a site for a custom house and place it in the hands of able men, several of whom are still at their desks in a pretty fair state of preservation.

The present custom house is an imposing gray granite architectural faux pas, with a low, retreating forehead like that



of the pickerel. It is an inconvenient stone quarry with fluted columns, and I would say, seems to be a cross between a long neglected cistern and a second hand sarcophagus.

If this be treason make the most of it. I've already had an Indian outbreak this winter, and I do not mind a little set-to with the government, as I had funds left over after adjusting the Indian difficulty.

The New York custom house is a triumph of inconvenience, a miracle of misfits and architectural deformities. It is a sort of compromise, so far as comfort goes, between the massive, rectangular residence of the cave dweller and the root cellar of the renaissance.

There is no room in it, no elevator, no effort to be dry clean; above the first floor, no light, no air, no method, no comfort and no economy. Venerable officials and employees who were there to show Henry Hudson over the building are still using the same tin cuspidors made of the inverted lid of the tin dinner pail of the past. The same sand is in them yet.

Monarchies have risen, flourished and decayed, kings have been born, cut their eye teeth, reigned a few lonesome weeks and moldered back into plebeian dust. Empires have risen, and in a few years practically dictated to the world for a time, but their dust is in the mighty brick yard of the past, and the winds of heaven are whistling through the tattered upholstery of their vacant thrones, but the gray sand in the tin cuspidor of the custom house of the United States smiles mockingly at the swift and hungry centuries.

The custom house is ornamented with a big granite porch, supported by the government and a row of massive fluted columns as devoid of beauty as the animated drumstick of the antique chorus girl. This porch is expensive, but without use or beauty. In this respect it resembles the average case of typhoid imitative Englishman.

The first thing encountered in the interior is a rotunda, which presents the bright and ever changing scenery noticeable from the bottom of a drilled well. It started out to be the arena for a cock fight, changed its mind and sought to be a dry cistern; then, securing a political pull it proceeded to become the rotunda of the custom house, and every effort to remove it has so far proved unavailing.

Entering the large corner room where sits the collector of the port—and other dutiable beverages—I found Mr. Erhardt with his back to the fire and his face to the foe.

He comes down about 9 a. m. and works till 5 o'clock in the evening, lunching in his office.
By hanging around till about 1 o'clock I was invited to lunch with him. Hon. James W. Husted sat and conversed while we ate. The artist will kindly make a rather pleasing drawing of the three scholarly gentlemen as they appeared at the time.

A man went by the door and looked cautiously in. Afterward I heard him say to another man that he understood the Sutherland sisters were lunching together today. They then, both of them, burst into a low, coarse laugh.

The correspondence room is a very busy place, and hundreds of letters intended for the collector's private eye are carefully opened and read by Mr. Jeffries, who came to New York in the fall of 1892, and at once went to work at his present job. I refer to this matter of correspondence because a great many people think that by marking a letter to a high official as private or personal it will be read only by him and immediately placed under his pillow at night. The collector can, however, have no secrets during office hours, at least through the mails and hardly viva voce.

The cashier's room interested me a good deal. It always does whenever I go. So, with the collector to vouch for me, I went through the little dingy office and dens where as high as a million and a half per day is handled. This money, as Col. Jones explained, is either in the form of a specially certified check or currency, and the latter is constantly assorted into the proper denominations, so that at the time for handing over to the sub-treasury at evening, quarters are in their proper parcels, duly counted, so likewise small change and large up to the ten thousand dollar bill which I held in my hand quite a while, meantime asking Col. Jones to notice what a peculiarly mottled appearance the sky had.

However, with a suspicion growing, I dare say, out of his long and busy contact with sharpers and men of little principle, he watched me eagerly, I noticed, and sent an employee to the window to look at the peculiarly mottled appearance of the sky.

One of the best experts on bills and silver counterfeits in the country, no doubt, has his little cage in the cashier's office. He cannot always explain why he does not like a bill or a silver piece, but he knows he does not choose any of it, and a test shows that he is correct. Long after I had left this department Col. Jones showed me a \$30 bill, and asked me if I saw anything peculiar about it. I said no, I did not, aside from the fact that a \$30 bill always did have a novel appearance to me.

"Well," said he, "that is a counterfeit. It was detected just after you went out."
I convinced him after a while that I did not do it, though.
The bill had been dimly photographed, and then all the work, back and front, carefully done over with a pen. It was a pretty good looking bill. Mr. Urban detected it while a nervous person would be engaged in circulating the words Jack Robinson. Mr. Urban is one of the men who holds his office by right of eternal fitness, and nobody ever ventures to ask him what his politics may be or used to be. It is a secret between him and high heaven. That is the way it should be.

If a man could make himself absolutely necessary to his employer or his government, and then remain there at his post instead of having to go out for three months every year to yell for his party till the rich, ripe rum mantled to his insidious bugle, there would be a net saving to the world in 300 years that would buy some man a nice little farm.

The cashier's office has a system of three checks, whereby the counter, the bookkeeper and the teller are guarding against each other's mistakes, and so accurate is this matter that in a day's work ranging from \$400,000 to \$1,500,000 the footings of the three are alike to a cent.

The certified check, in the ordinary sense of the term, does not go to the custom house. The bank may be ever so good; its certificate must be to the effect that so much money is on deposit to its credit at the sub-treasury, and when that account is overdrawn, if only for five cents, that check waits till the account is made good again.

When you pay duties the fact that you are the president of a bank or the head of a family does not count. Ready money or the certificate of the sub-treasury alone goes.

In one corner of the cashier's department is a headsman's block, near it a stollated punch and a sledge hammer. When a coin is found to be worthless it is carefully laid on this block, the pinkish iron is placed upon it and then a strong man hits it a welt with this sledge.

After knocking the essential tar out of the coin, as one may say, it is politely returned to the owner, who has to make it good. The idea, as the bright eyed reader has already discovered, no doubt, is to prevent its circulation, and that is almost invariably the result.

Civil service has its old and rather amusing features to one, at least, who sees the ridiculous readily. For instance, there is a position under the government in the customs which requires that a man who fills it shall, to the best of his ability, knock off the lids of boxes by means of a cold chisel and hammer.

The knowledge of Euclid or the binomial theorem is not absolutely necessary, the principal thing being to avoid pulling out the thumb-nail while pulling the other nails. But the civil service requires that he shall know certain things, whether he can knock off the lid of the box or not. One of these men has to stand upon a set of cyclopedias in order to reach the top of a big box.

In the language of a friend, "he is up on books, but he is short on stature." The civil service does not ask him how tall he is, but whether a given line, bisecting the base of an isosceles triangle and running due east toward a given point, will also bisect the circumference of a given circle whose radius is perpendicular to the base of the isosceles triangle.

Take also the case of a man whose duty it is to pack and unpack valuable bric-a-brac. Those who have put in a year or two packing and unpacking without breakage costly china, marble, glass and other truck will agree with me that this is extremely important, although a civil service examination does not touch the question. Of course it is well for a man who drives a team for the custom house to know that "evolution is a gradual change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations," but it would be still better if he knew promptly what to do in a malignant case of botch.

But I cannot do this subject justice, and perhaps I should not refer to it here, because it really does not belong to a letter treating of the custom house, for the cases above referred to were obtained—occasionally from other sources. The collector seems to take kindly to civil service, I judged, and although he courteously laughed when I referred to these illustrations, he did not give way to mirth as I have seen people do. He is kind to those who have served well and faithfully, and seems to cling to

business employees whenever the public seal requires it or will be best served. I think that is what he said, though the word seal is one that I know very little of. He says that gross incompetence, intemperance or indolence would always meet with a prompt dismissal.

"And what would you regard as a pronounced case of indolence in the service of the government, Mr. Erhardt?"
"Well, the government is not generally severe on its employees, I think. For instance, I knew of a man who acted for many years as a watchman for the government, and while the president was down there at Washington this man held up his corner of the great national fabric by attending the theatre while on watch. He slept at the government building, but took his meals at home. Thus he got his salary for his lodging, and often received a box at the theatre on the strength of his relations with the government. He is no longer in it."

"But regarding violent and long continued attacks of indolence, does the government fire such cases?"
"Yes, always. Ultimately. The policy of the government has been rather pacific, and yet where a man has become so sedentary that he can sit down on an open Barlow knife and go to sleep we look into his case. Should he occupy all day a chair on which there is an open eight bladed knife, with a cork screw in the back, also open, and then at night go home with the knife adhering to his person, we call for his resignation."

Speaking about chairs, while I was in the office word came that there had been orders issued from Washington that some of the office furniture should be repaired. It seems that some time ago a special agent of that department called on the collector. The latter showed him a chair. The agent said he did not care to sit. "Yes, yes, sit down," said the genial cherub who presides over the revenue and sits serene beneath the peculiar banner of the custom house: "take that chair right there."

The agent did so, and the collector conversed with him. Every little while the agent would put some more chalk on the leather seat of the chair and remount it, but in a few minutes he would fall off, and just barely catch himself and get out of the way before the chair stumbled and fell on him. Finally he said he guessed he must go, and as he did so the revolutionary chair slid out from under him, and going over in the corner crossed its legs and put its arms behind its back.

"Now," said the collector, "I beg your pardon for offering you that chair, but I wanted to ask you if it would be possible to get hold of an appropriation from which a suitable amount could be secured for the purpose of fixing that chair. There isn't a barbed rider in the United States who can keep his seat there over two and one-half minutes at present, and I am tired of replacing people who have fallen off that chair."

It is going to be repaired now. Also a man who cleans cisterns is going to whitewash the rotunda if the government would not deem it a mare's nest. I sometimes think that if the United States would give more time to large affairs, like reciprocity and statesmanship, instead of running wildly a mile and a half every time an old mare flies cackling joyously from the nest, we would have more groceries in the house for a given sum than we now have.

Bill Nye
P. S.—I will write more about the custom house later on. E. W. N.

A Four Adviser.
Old Man Moneybags (facetiously)—Come, my dear, aren't you going to advise me? Here's a man that wants me to lend him ten thousand dollars on his Atchison stock. Now what do you advise me to do?
Young Wife—Why, you know that I don't know anything about money.
Old Man Moneybags—Don't know anything about money? That's pretty good, when you made as much in one day as I have made in all my life.
Young Wife—Why, when was that?
Old Man Moneybags (apologetically)—When you married me.
Young Wife—Yes, but all my friends have told me that I couldn't have made a worse bargain.—Boston Courier

A Correct Surmise.
"Excuse me, Mr. Travers," said the tailor, "but a gentleman named Jagway was in yesterday and wanted to order some clothes. It was a trifle suspicious of him, sir. He said he was a friend of yours and referred me to you."
"Of course," said Travers, "Jagway is all right. Why, sir, that fellow is just as good as I am."
"Yes, sir," replied the tailor sadly, "that is just what I thought."—Clothes and Furnishers.

A Mean Swindle.
Mistress—Did you ask for milk bread?
Domestic—Yes, mum.
"What a miserable little loaf they gave you!"
"Yes, mum; it's my opinion, mum, that that baker is 'nain' condensed milk."—New York Weekly.

A Big Business.
Swipesy (to a neighbor)—Hello, Stokesy! How's trade?
Stokesy (shouting, vender)—Trade's ruddy! but I just took in a lead mine, and that knocks the profits for today.—Harper's Bazar.

Made Her Sick.
Young Lady—Oh, yes, I want to see that new contraption, but I went under protest, I can't bear anything but classic music, and although I sat through all those simple airs and commonplace harmonies it almost made me sick.
Maiden—No it didn't; made me sick at heart to think any mother could be such a thing. The greater part of that opera is stolen from Beethoven.—Street & Smith's Good News

The Academie des Sciences has submitted a new system of musical notation in which 27 characters replace the 265 symbols now employed to represent the 7 notes of the gamut in the 7 keys.